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The Good Old Songs, '61 to '65



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**The Good Old Songs
We Used to Sing ♪ ♪ '61 to '65**

♪ ♪ ♪

PRICE, TEN CENTS



GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT

PHOTO FROM LIFE, 1864

O. H. OLDROYD

Washington, D. C.

**Nineteen Hundred
and Two**

The Good Old Song
Written in 1812
1812





The Good Old

SONGS

WE USED TO SING

'61 to '65.

DEDICATED TO THE VETERANS OF THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1882.

TEN CENTS.

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SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

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MAJ. GEN'L W. T. SHERMAN.

Our camp fireshine bright on the mountain
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe,
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountains and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."

When cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugle re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men,
For we knew that the stars on our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would
greet us
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys; forward, to battle,
We marched on our wearysome way,
And we strewed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day.
Then Kennesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standard
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Still onward we pressed till our banner
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where traitor's flag falls.
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree;
Yet we twined them wreaths of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Proud, proud was our army that morning
That stood by the cypress and pine
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary;
This day fair Savannah is thine."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars on our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched on to the sea.



Miss ...

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

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2D CORPS.

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing
another song,
Sing it with the spirit that will start the
world along,—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand
strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS.

“ Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you
free!”

So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the
sea
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia!—CHORUS.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers
While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.

“ Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast!”
So the saucy rebel said, and 'twas a handsome boast;
Had they not forgotten, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude,—three hundred to the main,
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.—CHORUS.



A THOUSAND YEARS.

KEY OF C.

Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen!
Fling to the winds your needless fears!
He who unfurled your beauteous banner
Says it shall wave a thousand years.

CHORUS.

"A thousand years!" my own Columbia!
'Tis the glad day so long foretold!
'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds one little moment
Hid the blue sky where morn appears
When the bright sun that tints them crimson
Rises to shine a thousand years!—CHORUS.

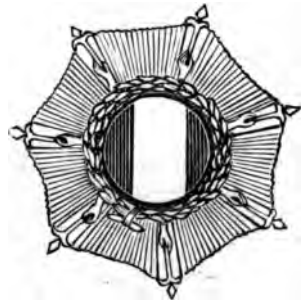
Tell the great world these blessed tidings!
Yes, and be sure the bondman hears;
Tell the oppress'd of ev'ry nation
Jubilee lasts a thousand years.—CHORUS.

Envious foes beyond the ocean!
Little we heed your threat'ning sneers;
Little will they—our children's children—
When you are gone a thousand years.—CHORUS.

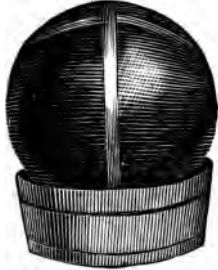
Rebels at home! go hide your faces—
Weep for your crimes with bitter tears;
You could not bind the blessed daylight,
Though you should strive a thousand years.
—CHORUS.

Back to your dens, ye secret traitors!
Down to your own degraded spheres!
Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
Shortens your lives a thousand years.
—CHORUS.

Haste thee along, thou glorious noonday!
Oh! for the eyes of ancient seers!
Oh! for the faith of Him who reckons
Each of His days a thousand years.—CHORUS.



SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY CORPS.



SOLID SHOT.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

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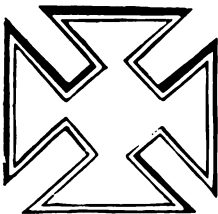
Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let Independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost ;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty ;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.



MAJ. GEN'L JOHN A. M'CLELLAND.

Immortal patriots, rise once more,
Defend your rights, defend your shore,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm united let us be, etc.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Sound Washington's great name,



19TH CORPS.

Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause ;
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear ;
With equal skill and godlike power,
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war ! or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace,
Firm united let us be, etc.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

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KEY OF B.



BRIG. GEN'L M. M. CROCKER.

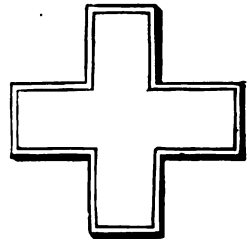
Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view.
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Fill'd with tho'ts of home and God,
For well they know that on the mor-
row
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS.

Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again ;
But oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home ;
But I'll never leave our banner
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors, all around you,
That their cruel words we know
In every battle kill our soldiers
By the help they give the foe.—CHORUS.

Hark ! I hear the bugle sounding,
'Tis the signal for the fight !
Now, may God protect me, mother,
As He ever does the right.
Hear the " Battle Cry of Freedom,"
How it swells upon the air !
Oh, yes, we'll rally round the standard,
Or we'll perish nobly there.—CHORUS.



6TH CORPS.

WE'VE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN.

By Maj. Charles G. Halpine (Private Miles O'Relley), 47th N. Y. Vol., Inf.

KEY OF C.



ENGINEERS AND MECHANICS.

There are bonds of all sorts in this
world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flow-
ers,
And true lovers' knots, I ween.
The boys and the girls are bound by
a kiss,
But there's never a bond, old friend,
like this :
We have drunk from the same can-
teen !

The same canteen, my soldier friend,
The same canteen ;
There's never a bond like this :
We have drunk from the same canteen !

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk,
Sometimes apple-jack as fine as silk ;
But, whatever the tippie has been,
We shared it together in bane or in bliss,
And I warn you, friend, when I think of this :
We have drunk from the same canteen.

We've shared our blankets and tents together,
And marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we've been ;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best :
We've drunk from the same canteen.

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope,
With my blood flowing fast and but little hope
On which my faint spirit might lean,
Oh ! then, I remember, you crawled to my side,
And bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died,
We have drunk from the same canteen !

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

KEY OF C.



Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's
early light
What so proudly we hailed at the
twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were
so gallantly streaming!
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our
flag was still there;
Oh! say, does that Star Spangled Ban-
ner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home
of the brave!

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses!
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, oh! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

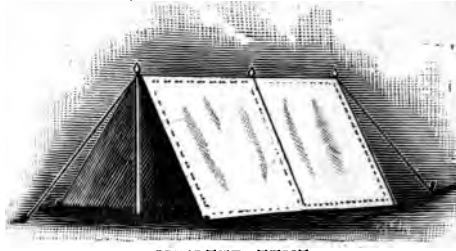
Oh! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation,
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued
land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a
nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust"—
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!



FOURTEENTH
CORPS.

OLD SHADY.

KEY OF B.



SHELTER TENT.

Oh, yah! yah! darkies laugh wid me,
For the white folks say Old Shady's free,
So don't you see that the Jubilee
Is coming, coming, hail, mighty day!

CHORUS.

Den away, away, for I can't wait any longer!
Hooray! hooray! I'm going home.

Oh! massa got scared, and so did his lady,
Dis chile breaks for Uncle Aby,
Open the gates, out here's Old Shady
A coming, coming, hail, mighty day.—CHORUS.

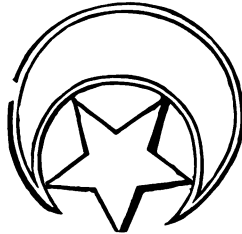
Good-bye, Massa Jeff; good-bye, Miss'r Stephens,
'Scuse dis nigger for takin' his leavens;
'Spect pretty soon you'll hear Uncle Abram's
Coming, coming, hail, mighty day.—CHORUS.

Good-bye, hard work, wid neber any pay,
I's gwine up North where de good folks say
Dat white wheat bread an' a dollar a day
Are a coming, coming, hail, mighty day.

—CHORUS.

Oh! I've got a wife, and I've got a baby,
Living up yonder in upper Canaday;
Won't dey laugh when dey see Old Shady
Coming, coming, hail, mighty day.

—CHORUS.



SEVENTH CORPS.

**COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN,
OR
RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.**

(Used by permission of S. Brainard's Sons.)

KEY OF G.



MAJ. GEN'L JAMES B. M'PHERSON.



SEVENTEENTH CORPS.

Oh! Columbia, the gem of
the ocean,
The home of the brave and
the free,
The shrine of each patriot's
devotion,
The world offers homage to
to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes
assemble,
When Liberty's form stands
in view ;
Thy banners make tyranny
tremble
When borne by the Red,
White, and Blue.

CHORUS.

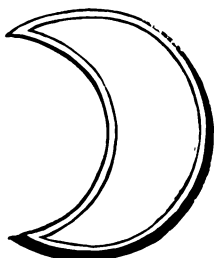
When borne by the Red,
White, and Blue,
When borne by the Red,
White, and Blue,
Thy banners make tyranny
tremble,
When borne by the Red,
White, and Blue.

When war waged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm,
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.—CHORUS.

That banner, that banner bring hither,
Tho' rebels and traitors look grim ;
May the wreaths it has won never wither,
Nor the stars of its glory grow dim !
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true !
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.—CHORUS.

THE ARMY BEAN.

Air—"SWEET BYE AND BYE."



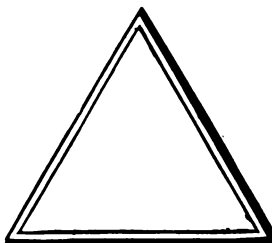
ELEVENTH CORPS.

There's a spot that the soldiers all love,
The mess-tent is the place that we mean,
And the dish that we like to see there
Is the old-fashioned, white Army bean.

CHORUS.

'Tis the bean that we mean,
And we'll eat as we ne'er ate before
The Army bean, nice and clean ;
We will stick to our beans evermore.

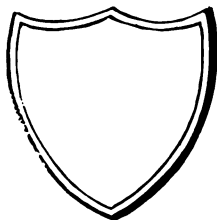
Now, the bean in its primitive state
Is a plant we have all often met,
And, when cooked in the old army style,
It has charms we can never forget.



FOURTH CORPS.

CHORUS.

The German is fond of sauer kraut,
The potato is loved by the Mick,
But the soldiers have long since found out
That thro' life to our beans we should stick.—CHORUS.



23D CORPS.

REFRAIN.

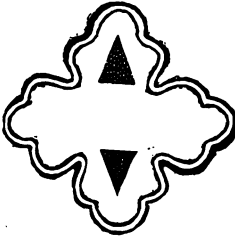
Air—"TELL AUNT RHODA."

Beans for breakfast,
Beans for dinner,
Beans for supper,
Beans ! Beans !! Beans !!!

BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY.

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KEY OF A FLAT.



18TH CORPS.

Heavily falls the rain,
Wild are the breezes tonight;
But 'neath the roof the hours as they fly
Are happy, and calm, and bright.
Gathering round our firesides,
Tho' it be summer time,
We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
Forgetting the midnight chime.

CHORUS.

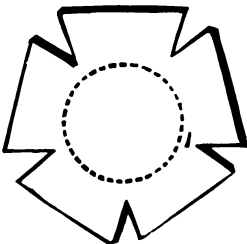
Brave boys are they!
Gone at their country's call;
And yet, and yet we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall.

Under the homestead roof,
Nestled so cozy and warm,
While soldiers sleep with little or naught
To shelter them from the storm.
Resting on grassy couches,
Pillow'd on hillocks damp,
Of martial fare how little we know
Till brothers are in camp.—CHORUS.

Thinking no less of them,
Loving our country the more,
We sent them forth to fight for the flag
Their fathers before them bore.
Though the great teardrops started,
This was our parting trust:
“God bless you, boys! we'll welcome you
home
When rebels are in the dust.”—CHO.



MINIE BALL.



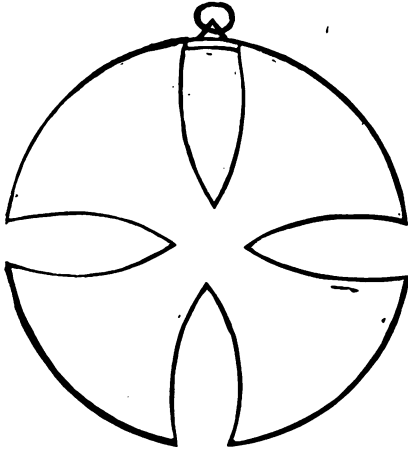
22D CORPS.

May the bright wings of love
Guard them wherever they roam;
The time has come when brothers must fight
And sisters must pray at home.
Oh! the dread field of battle!
Soon to be strewn with graves!
If brothers fall, then bury them where
Our banner in triumph waves.—CHORUS.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

(By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.)

Air—"JOHN BROWN."



SIXTEENTH CORPS.

As sung by Chaplain C. C. McCabe while a prisoner in Libby, after hearing Old Ben (the colored paper-seller in Richmond) cry out; "Great news by the telegraph! Great battles at Gettysburg! Union soldiers gain the day!" Upon hearing such glorious news Chaplain McCabe sung this soul-stirring hymn, all the prisoners joining heartily in the chorus, making the old prison walls ring—"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!"

Mine eyes have seen the glory of
the coming of the Lord ;
He is tramping out the vintage
where the grapes of wrath are
stored ;
He has loosed the fateful light-
ning of His terrible quick
sword ;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, Halle-
lujah!

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps ;
His day is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah !

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel,
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with my grace shall deal ;
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah !

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat ;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet ;
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah !

In the beauties of the lillies Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, *let us die to make men free,*
While God is marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, Glory, Hallelujah !

HOME, SWEET HOME.

(By John Howard Payne.)

KEY OF E FLAT.



'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home ;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home ; there's no place like home ;
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again ;
The birds, singing gaily, that came at my cøll ;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.



WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW.

KEY OF B FLAT.



BRIG. GEN'L. JOS. A. MOWER.

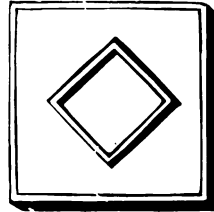
Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath;
All around to me seems darkness;
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah! how well I know your answer;
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me truly
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS.

Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen;
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the falling tear,
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her
Kneeling, praying for me! how
Can I leave her in anguish?
Who will care for mother now?—CHORUS.

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle!
I will like a soldier die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen;
Who will care for mother now?—CHORUS.



25TH CORPS.

WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER.

(Used by permission.)

KEY OF C.



MAJ. GEN'L FRANK P. BLAIR.

Dearest love, do you remember !
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved
me,
Kneeling at my feet ?
Oh ! how proud you stood be-
fore me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and
country
Ever to be true.

CHORUS.

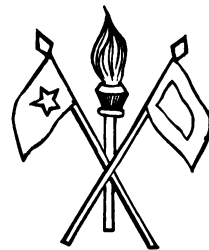
Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears how vain ;
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing,
Mournfully along !
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying ;
Calling, but in vain.—CHORUS.

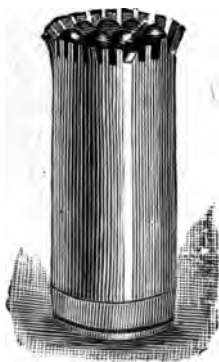
If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,

None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain ?
Ah ! the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain.—CHORUS.

But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way,
While our nation's sons are fighting
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free.—CHORUS.



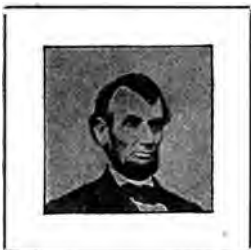
SIGNAL CORPS.



CANISTER.

WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM.

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LINCOLN.

We are coming, Father Abraham—three
hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and
from New England's shore ;
We leave our plows and workshops, our
wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with
but a silent tear ;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly
before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three
hundred thousand more !

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry ;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloud veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride ;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer-boys fast forming into line,
And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs ;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred thousand more!

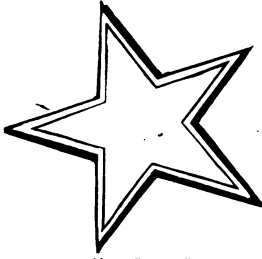
You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's
bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers'
bones beside.
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the
murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to
parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone
before—
We are coming, Father Abraham—three hundred
thousand more !



TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

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KEY OF A.



20TH CORPS.

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts; a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

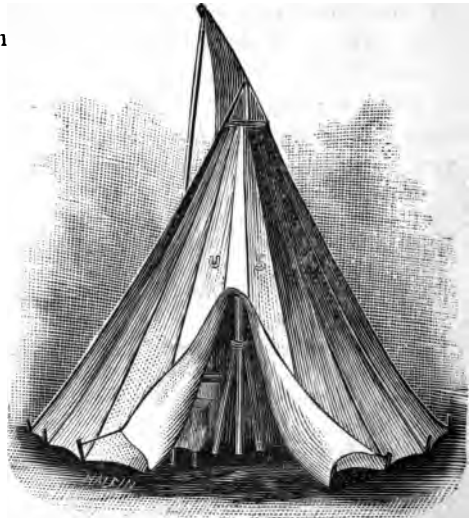
We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of loved ones at home who gave us the hand
And the tear that said good-bye.—CHORUS.

We're tired of the war on the old camp ground;
Many are dead and gone
Of the brave and true who have left their homes;
Others been wounded long.—CHORUS.

We've been fighting today on
the old camp ground;
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are
dying,
Many are in tears.

CHORUS.

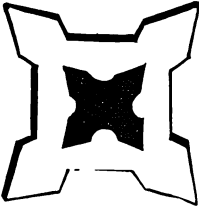
Many are the hearts that are
weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking
for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Dying tonight, dying to-
night,
Dying on the old camp
ground.



SIBLEY TENT.

JOHN BROWN'S SONG.

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TENTH CORPS.

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
His soul's marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally,
Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
His soul's marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of our Lord,
His soul's marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory
Hally, Hallelujah!
His soul's marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul's marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory
Hally, Hallelujah!
His soul's marching on!

His pet lamps will meet him on the way,
His pet lamps will meet him on the way,
His pet lamps will meet him on the way,
They go marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory
Hally, Hallelujah!
They go marching on!

They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree!
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree!
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree!
As they march along!

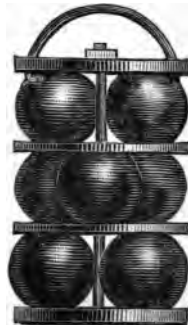
CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
As they march along!

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union!
As we are marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory Hally, Hallelujah! Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Glory Hally, Hallelujah!
Hip, hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!

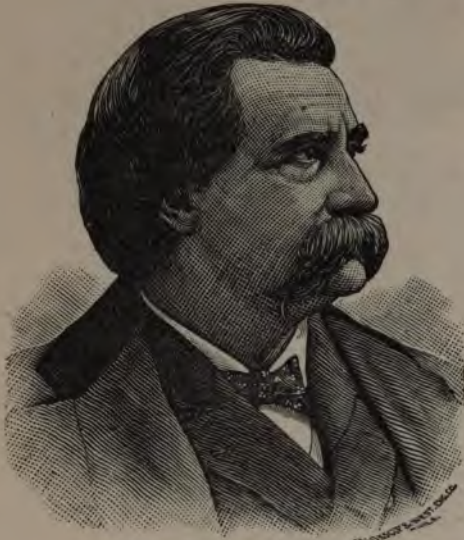


GRAPK.

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM.

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KEY OF G FLAT.



MAJ. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

Yes, we'll rally round the
flag, boys, we'll rally
once again,
Shouting the battle cry
of freedom;
We'll rally from the hill-
side, we'll gather
from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry
of freedom.

CHORUS.

The Union forever, hurrah!
boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up
with the star,
While we rally round the
flag, boys, rally once
again,
Shouting the battle cry of
freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.—CHORUS.

We will welcome to our ranks the
loyal, true, and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And altho' they may be poor, not a
man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
—CHORUS.

So we're springing to the call from the
East and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the
land we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
—CHORUS.



FIFTEENTH CORPS.

BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

We are a band of patriots,
 Who each leave home and friend
 Our noble Constitution
 And banner to defend ;
 Our Capitol was threatened,
 And the cry rose near and far
 To protect our country's glorious flag
 That glitters with many a star.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah, for the Union, boys,
 hurrah!
 Hurrah for our forefathers' good old flag
 That glitters with many a star.

Much patience and forbearance
 The North has always shown
 Toward her Southern brethren,
 Who had each way their own ;
 But when we made our President
 A man whom we desired
 Their wrath was roused, they mounted guns,
 And on Fort Sumter fired.—CHORUS. ●

They forced the war upon us,
 For peaceful men are we ;
 They steal our money, seize our forts,
 And then as cowards flee ;
 False to their vows and to the flag
 That once protected them,

They sought the Union to dis-
 solve,
 Earth's noblest, brightest gem.
 —CHORUS.

We're in the right and will pre-
 vail,
 The Stars and Stripes must fly,
 The "bonnie blue flag" be
 hauled down,
 And every traitor die ;
 Freedom and peace enjoyed by
 all
 As ne'er was known before,
 Our Spangled Banner wave on
 high,
 With stars just thirty-four.
 —CHORUS.



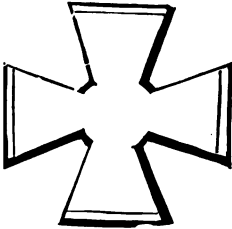
NINTH CORPS.



BRIG. GEN. ISAAC F. QUINBY.

AMERICA.

KEY OF F.



FIFTH CORPS.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

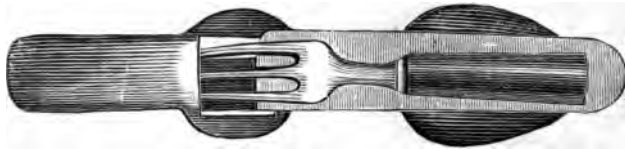
My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee I sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King.



GEN. PETER J. OSTERHAUS



COMBINATION KNIFE, FORK, AND SPOON

KINGDOM COMING.

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KEY OF C.



BRIG. GEN. ALBERT L. LEE

He is six foot one way, four foot tudder,
An' he weigh tree hundred pounds;
His coat so big he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it wouldn't go half way round;
He drill so much dey call him Cap'n,
An' he get so drefful tanned,
I 'spects he'll try an' fool dem Yankees
For to tink he's contraband.—CHORUS.

De darkies feel so lonesome libbing
In de log house on de lawn
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' cider in de kitchen,
An' de darkies dey'll hab some;
I s'pose dey'll all be confiscated
When de Linkum soldiers come.—CHO.

De oberseer he make us trubble,
An' he drike us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar,
Wid de key trown in de well;
De whip is lost, de han'cuff broken;
But de massa'll habe his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know better
Dan to went and run away.—CHORUS.

Say, darkies, hab you seen old
massa,
Wid de muffstash on his face,
Go long de road some time dis
mornin',
Like he gwine to leave de place?
He seen a smoke way up de ribber
Whar de Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat an' left berry sud-
den,
An' I 'spect he's run'd away!

CHORUS.

De massa run, ha, ha!
De darky stay! ho, ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom comin'
An' de year of Jubilo!



BRIG. GEN. JOHN M'ARTHUR

THE VACANT CHAIR.

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KEY OF A FLAT.

We shall meet, but we shall miss
him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our evening
prayer.
When, a year ago, we gathered
Joy was in his mild blue eye;
But a golden cord is severed,
And our hopes in ruin lie.

CHORUS.

We shall meet, but we shall miss
him;
There will be one vacant chair;
We shall linger to caress him
When we breathe our evening
prayer.



GEN. ALVIN P. HOVEY

At our fireside, sad and lonely,
Often will the bosom swell
At remembrance of the story
How our noble Willie fell;
How he strove to bear our banner
Through the thickest of the fight,
And upheld our country's honor
In the strength of manhood's might.—CHORUS.



GEN. NATHAN KIMBALL

True, they tell us wreaths of glory
Evermore will deck his brow;
But this soothes the anguish only
Sweeping o'er our heart strings now.
Sleep, today, O early fallen!
In thy green and narrow bed;
Dirges from the pine and cypress
Mingle with the tears we shed.

—CHORUS

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

KEY OF G.



MAJ. GEN. E. O. C. ORD.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me !
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !



ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.



SHRAPNEL CONTAINING 80 MUSKET BALLS.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

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KEY OF B FLAT.

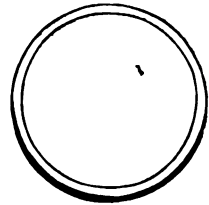


In the prison cell I sit, thinking, mother,
dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far
away,
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of
all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be
gay.

BRIG. GEN. EUGENE A. CARR.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We shall breathe the air again
Of the Free-land in our own beloved home.



FIRST CORPS.

In the battle front we stood when the fiercest charge was made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more ;
But before we reached their lines they were beaten back dismayed,
And we hear the cry of victory o'er and o'er.—CHORUS.



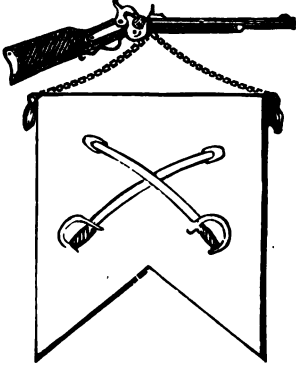
So within the prison cell we are waiting for
the day
That shall come to open wide the iron
door,
And the hollow eye grows bright and the
poor heart almost gay
As we think of seeing friends and home
once more.—CHORUS.

MAJ. GEN. FRED'K STEELE.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

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KEY OF B FLAT.

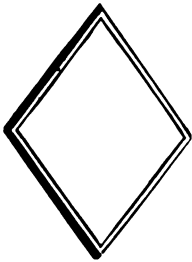
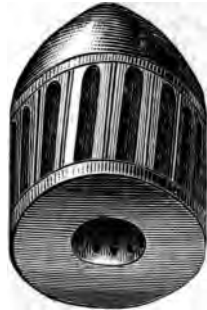


WILSON'S CAVALRY CORPS.

When Johnny comes marching home
again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
To welcome our darling boy,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah, hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.



THIRD CORPS.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah, hurrah!
And let each one perform some part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,
And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.



11TH AND 12TH
CORPS.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine no more to wander,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
I can't stay here no longer ;
I've left the old plantation,
My home and my relation,
My heart's turned back to Dixie
And I must go.

CHORUS.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine where the orange blossoms
grow,
For I hear the children calling,
I see their sad tears falling,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton,
I've worked upon the river,
I used to say if I got off
I'd go back there, no never ;
But time has changed the old man,
His head is bending low,
His heart's turned back to Dixie,
And he must go.—CHORUS.

I'se traveling back to Dixie,
My step is slow and feeble,
I pray the Lord to help me,
And keep me from all evil ;
And should my strength forsake me,
Then kind friends come and take me ;
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.—CHORUS.



FRATERNITY.

In mustering a recruit, sing after—"They have been so examined and found worthy."

Air—"AULD LANG SYNE."



MAJ. GEN. MANNING F. FORCE.

Should auld acquaintance be
forgot,
And never brought to mind ;
Should auld acquaintance be
forgot,
And days of auld lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld land syne, my boys,
For auld land syne,
We'll ne'er forget when first
we met,
In days of auld lang syne.

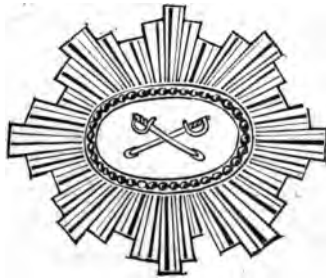
CHARITY.

Sing after the words—"But the greatest of these is Charity."

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three ;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou Charity.
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart ;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Judgment with thee hath no part.

CHORUS.

Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three ;
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity.



CAVALRY CORPS,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

LOYALTY.

Sing after the words—"The crowning principle of loyalty."

Air—"AMERICA."



KEY OF F.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where our comrades died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Our fathers' God to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us with thy might,
Great God, our King.

ODE ON PRESENTATION OF BADGE.

Air—"HOLD THE FORT."

Sing while the badge is being pinned on.

Comrades, take this badge of freedom
Our Grand Army gives;
Let it be the sign of honor
Every loyal lives.

CHORUS.

Wear the badge and keep it shining
All life's journey through,
Ever as the glorious emblem
Of the work we do.

Then, proud eagle, still soar sunward ;
Flag, your folds swing loose ;
Love shall shield the helpless orphan,
Fill the widow's cruse.—CHORUS.

GREETING ODE.

Sing while the recruit is signing the roll.

Air—"GLORY HALLELUJAH."

Warm be the welcome and glad be the cheer
Greeting our comrades who join with us here—
Warm as in days when with never a fear
We all went marching on.

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
We all go marching on.

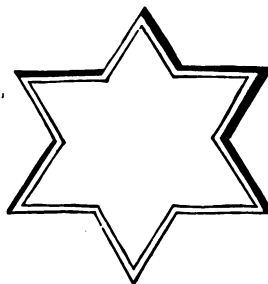


Held by fraternity in bonds that are sure,
Drawn close in charity by ties that are pure,
Filled with a loyalty that ever shall endure,
We still go marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

Elbow to elbow we stood through the fight,
Elbow to elbow we stand here tonight,
Elbow to elbow till heaven is in sight,
We all go marching on.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

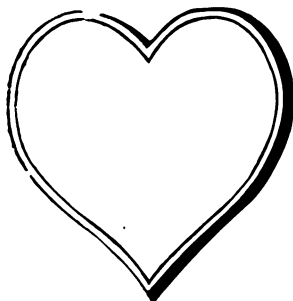


EIGHTH CORPS.

CLOSING ODE.

Air—"AULD LANG SYNE."

Shall we forget those far-off days
Which made us comrades all?
Shall we forget how swift the feet
That ran at duty's call?
Shall we forget the honored dead
That sleep beneath the sod,
Who gave their lives for liberty,
Our country, and our God?



24TH CORPS.

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